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TUESDAY
FEBRUARY 2, 1954

After battening for so long on the ever generous and extensive hospitality of the Conants, E. and I persuaded Pattie to accompany us today to the Ritz Restaurant for lunch. We ate respectively Russian, East Indian and Chinese dishes.

Foster carried the war to the enemy's camp this afternoon, confronting Molotov with his pro-Hitler eulogies in 1940 and Russia's participation in the defeat and division of Poland. He went on to expose the sham of Soviet assertions as to the existence of a truly democratic government having been freely chosen in the Eastern Zone. This was a slashing attack; also an admirable refutation of baseless Soviet charges of the United States' aggressive purposes.

Another cogent, brilliant, closely knit statement by Bidault, polite but penetrating. "Le cher petit homme" is in fine fettle.

Eden was brief, demanding clearly and precisely Molotov's observations upon the U. K. plan.

Tonight we dined with Cy Sulzberger at the Budapest Restaurant in the East Sector. It is a gaudy, great, cheerless place on Stalinallee, the impressive though tastless Soviet experiment in block reconstruction. The food was atrocious save for caviar. We drank Bulgarian slivovitch, then Hungarian red wine. Even in this restaurant, dolled up as is the entire neighborhood, for the Conference, and undoubtedly subsidized by Communist funds, the contrast between the abundance of the West and the poverty of supplies in the East was strikingly apparent. It was like a pre-war second class Balkan café.

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